

point 3
May 1989

in this issue:

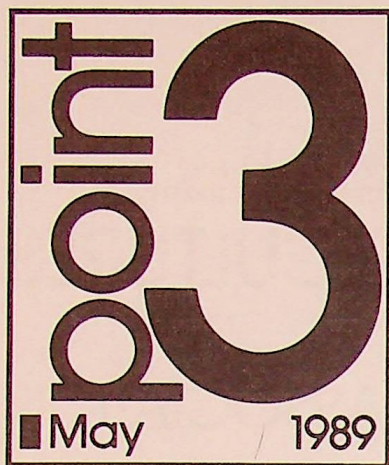
CONTRASTING CULTURES

TOCH WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION



The magazine of
TOCH 

price 20p



The magazine of **TOC H**

Toc H is a movement of people who seek to build friendships, and offer service, across the barriers that usually divide us from one another. The basic unit is the group – at best a good cross-section of the local neighbourhood – which meets together regularly, and seeks to serve the community around it. Toc H was founded in 1915 by the Rev P. B. 'Tubby' Clayton, and since then has been providing opportunities for people to test the Christian way by practical experiment.

All members pledge themselves to try:

1. To welcome all in friendship and lessen by habit of thought, word and deed the prejudices which separate people.
2. To give personal service.
3. To find their own convictions while listening with respect to the views of others.
4. To acknowledge the spiritual nature of man and to test the Christian way by trying it.

This magazine is a forum for ideas about Toc H and about the world as well as a record of Toc H service. Its title derives from the third of these Four Points.

Tourism and Travel

The Moroccan border consisted of a car park and a row of tin huts patrolled by a number of fleabitten cats desperate for food. We had to wait there for three hours before we could begin our tour of the country. When we did, it was to traverse mile after mile of Moroccan roadway in a shiny coach with a carefree driver. We were allowed out for sleep and refreshments and for two brief sightseeing visits. Whisked round the old parts of Fez and Tangier, we got some flavour of the eager market bustle and teeming diversity of life while protected from their excesses by a posse of guides. Casablanca we hurtled through on our way to Rabat; in Rabat we stopped briefly in a layby to allow anyone who wished to take photographs of a distant castle from the window. The bus became our home. When once we stopped in the middle of the countryside, for an hour and a half (because we had run out of petrol) I went for a walk along a trackway through a field of vivid greens and browns. The smells and sounds and the weight of the warm midday air; the single grazing sheep and the man pulling water from the well: these glancing blows of Moroccan reality made even more stifling the next endless journey in our wheeled cocoon.

It was an absurdly deceiving and disorganised trip, so farcical that we could only laugh among ourselves and write letters of complaint to the travel company. But it was in its chaos alone that it was exceptional. Every day coachloads of tourists embark on similar journeys, tucking a few more cities or countries under their belts. The exotic is experienced from behind a pane of glass, carefully filtered by the air-conditioning and the courier's resumé of customs and history. Opulence and poverty, beauty and the beast; all are channelled alike through the camera lens or safely recorded on video to be watched (never having been lived) at a comfortable later date. Conditioned to possess and to evaluate experience in the light of possessions, Western man tots up his travels, accumulates them in

albums, freezes them on film, stores them up in souvenirs. By the end of our trip we'd barely set foot on Moroccan soil; yet the bus was awash with camel-skin drums and toy lutes and every other person was wearing a cardboard fez.

In Italy, at the heart of Western culture, flash bulbs are chipping away at our works of art. The whirr of a myriad cameras prevents the contemplation of Michelangelo's *Pietà* - not even the churches are sacrosanct. 'This 13th century statue of St Peter,' explains the guide, 'has a foot worn smooth by the touch of thousands of devout pilgrims'. The party files politely past at the end of her talk, hands outstretched to wear away that foot a little more, to leave their mark. One or two pause while a snap is taken of them grinning arm in arm with the Saint. He looks a little doleful in their beaming embrace, a forlorn symbol of forgotten values.

In the Third World the arrival of the West amounts to an invasion, an insidious successor to imperialism - often welcomed, inevitably destructive. Shoddy goods are mass-produced for the gullible visitor; hotels and bars ape those of Europe and the States. Even a display of Moroccan dancing becomes a parody: a male tourist is plucked from the audience, dressed as a belly-dancer and prevailed upon to copy the professionals. His ungainly movements and the laughter they provoke satirize their skills and mock their heritage.

The tourist trade has opened up the world to even the most timid. But the price paid is the erosion of culture and its subservience to image. The traveller allows his equilibrium to be disturbed in order to experience another lifestyle and meet another people; the tourist protects his own emotional security and tramples on the society he observes.

Judith Rice

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Designer: Sybil A. Chick

Letters, articles and news items are welcomed, and should be addressed to the Toc H Editorial Office, 38 Newark Street, London, E1 2AA. Tel: 01 247 5110.

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Cover

Chanting numbers at one of the Schools under the Sky, Bangladesh. (See pp 8-10)

Opinions expressed (including the editorial) are those of the individual contributors and not necessarily those of the Toc H Movement.

Price: 20p per copy or £2 per year subscription. Any contribution towards the high cost of postage will be gratefully accepted.

a change of direct.

In the fourth in our series in which people talk about how their lives unexpectedly changed direction, Christine Nicholls describes how she left her job as a lecturer in Sydney to go to work in a remote Aboriginal settlement.

'The Two Ways'

Since the beginning of 1982 I have worked at Lajamanu in the Northern Territory of Australia. Lajamanu is an Aboriginal settlement situated in the northern part of the Tanami Desert. The land is owned by the Warlpiri people, who continue to practise the ceremonies and traditions which have sustained them for thousands of years. The ceremonies are not merely museum pieces but continue to evolve and develop - the culture of the Warlpiri people is very much a living culture. This is because of their great ability to incorporate modern, often seemingly (at least to a narrow Western view) contradictory elements into the traditional base.

Responses to the new situation - the arrival of white people - have varied greatly. For some Warlpiri people, the answer is to ignore the white cultural and political dominance as much as possible and go back to live on their homelands. Others view this as a retreat and prefer to embrace the 'white way' in its entirety and move to the cities. Often this ends in tragedy, with problems of alcoholism and unemployment compounded by racism or unassailable monoculturalism on the part of significant numbers of white Australians.

The majority of people are, however, attempting to balance the two systems, trying to incorporate the optimum elements of each into a workable way of life. At Lajamanu, the Warlpiri people have enthusiastically embraced the notion of 'two ways'. In practice this means the frequently harmonious, sometimes fragile, co-existence of their traditional cultural base along with desired aspects of the Western way of life. For example, quite large numbers of people attend Christian worship regularly whilst practising their own religion with great sincerity. No contradiction is intended or perceived.



One of the tribal elders, Bobby Payton Japaljarri, painting Joshua Sampson Jakamarra on National Aborigines' Day in 1987.



Christine Nicholls, some of the children and two school cleaners in the school yard.

In keeping with the Warlpiri people's quest for two ways - the Warlpiri way and the white way - community members persistently lobbied the government over a period of 10 years for a bilingual education programme at their school. At the beginning of 1982, the Northern Territory Department of Education conceded to the Warlpiri people an official bilingual programme.

**'I believed I would only remain there
for two years at the most'**

This is where I entered the picture - as the first Teacher/Linguist, or Co-ordinator of the Lajamanu School Bilingual Programme. Before that I had been lecturing to undergraduate and postgraduate students in the area of literacy education, at a Teachers College in Sydney. When I heard about the position of Teacher/Linguist - whose task it was to set up and co-ordinate the initial bilingual programme at Lajamanu - I felt an immediate challenge. I felt I would be doing something both exciting and significant. However, at that time I believed that I would only remain there for two years at the most, owing to the remoteness of the area (700 miles from the nearest town of

Continued overleaf

Members of the School Council with boys from Grades 4, 5 and 6.



any size), the distance from family and friends, and the harshness of the climate (the temperature frequently exceeds 50 degrees centigrade in the summer).

It was the challenge which took me to Lajamanu. I believed that for a time I could use my skills in teaching literacy to help the Warlpiri people realise an important aspiration. At that time the older Warlpiri people were greatly concerned at the rate at which the Warlpiri language was breaking down. English language and culture seemed to be 'taking over' - and no wonder, as the official policy of the school up till then had been 'English Only'. But by the end of 1982 there were 10 part-time literacy workers and Warlpiri adults were working part-time writing books and curriculum materials to enable their children to learn their own language. None of these people were in paid positions; rather they were pursuing the community ideal of 'two way' education for Warlpiri people.

Meanwhile in the classrooms the Warlpiri language was gradually becoming established and legitimised as a

language of instruction. Warlpiri teachers-in-training worked alongside fully qualified non-Aboriginal teachers in implementing the bilingual education programme. Older Warlpiri people gradually began to enter the classrooms, to tell traditional stories, to go out on hunting expeditions with particular classes, or to teach traditional song and dance. The idea that the school really *belonged* to Warlpiri people began to take hold.

**'at times I've had to withstand
bitter personal attack'**

In 1984, 60 community members sat down with school staff to create the Lajamanu School Policy. All participants had equal input; equally, participants could use their language of preference - Warlpiri or English. Some dominant themes emerged which are now incorporated in the Policy Statement; namely that community members should have free access to the school and its Principal; that the bilingual/bicultural programme be made strong and reflect the culture of the community which it serves; that the children become fluent and literate in both Warlpiri *and* in English in order not to operate at a disadvantage in the new, modern world.

In 1986 a School Council was incorporated, which makes it its business to see that school policy is adhered to. The school still has its problems from time to time; however, Warlpiri people agree that the situation is far better than it was prior to 1982. Children now rarely leave the school unable to read or write as they did in the 'old days'. Their self-esteem is high, a reflection of the heightened self-esteem of adults who have a real role to play in their children's education once more.

I went to Lajamanu because of the challenge; I remain here almost seven years later because of the generosity and tenacity of the Warlpiri people. They have always made me feel at home in their community and over the years I have come to realise that their fight is worth fighting despite the difficulties. It hasn't always been easy, particularly when I've had to endure the prejudice and strong resistance to bilingualism of Lajamanu's white minority, as well as of other powerful sections of the white population. This has meant that at times I've had to withstand bitter personal attack and that I have been almost daily under a great deal of pressure. I am constantly in the position of having to justify a programme that, in terms of human rights, should not have to be justified. Since 1984 I have been the Principal of the school. As I write I have no intention of going back to my former way of life for, in spite of everything, the rewards are great.



Lily Hargraves Nungarraji, executive member of the School Council (left) with Liddy Nampijinpa, the President of Lajamanu.

starting point

Our occasional series *Starting Point* looks at how some familiar aspects of Toc H started and how they've changed. . . . and asks where they should go from here.

This month, Constance Beazley looks at the Women's Association

The Toc H League of Women Helpers - Women's Section - Women's Association 1922-1971

When the Revd. P B Clayton ('Tubby') established his 'homely club for soldiers' at Poperinge in 1915, he was supported by women at home who formed the 'Helpers of Talbot House'.

After the war one woman, Alison Macfie ('Mac'), was elected to the Executive Committee of Toc H. The foundation members (all of whom had filled in the Talbot House Communicant Roll slips during the war) included seven other nurses. Many other women became keen supporters of the newly formed peacetime Toc H. Their help was essential in the establishment of the marks* as comfortable homes, and in giving valuable background help in the setting up of branches. As Toc H grew, the League of Women Helpers grew alongside it.

The women's not inconsiderable contribution to the first Lamplighting Festival in 1922 included the making of the branch standards. And in the same year when the Royal Charter was approved, LWH members were given associate membership of Toc H. The Charter did not exclude women from membership of Toc H, but in 1923 the Executive Committee ruled that *for the present* no more women should be admitted. 'For the present' was to last for 48 years.

'separation of sexes in schools, clubs and societies was the norm'

It is difficult for anyone not familiar with the structure of society as it was in this country between 1919 and 1939 to understand why men and women, fired by the same inspiration and motivated towards the same goal, should have been impelled to move separately along parallel paths. It would have been equally difficult for most of those whose Toc H experience began in that period to have accepted a situation in which men and women lived and worked together, unconscious of any barrier. Separation of the sexes in schools, clubs and societies was the norm. It would have seemed a strange, revolutionary, and to most an unacceptable organisation which, born out of the experience of fighting men in Flanders, welcomed women into equal membership.

Now officially recognised, the women appointed an Executive Committee, with Mac as their first secretary. Their purpose was to help Toc H, while remaining in the background and being self-supporting. Branches were formed in association with marks, and alongside Toc H branches, where women could do social work for girls in



Alison Macfie, founder Pilot of the Women's Association.

line with that done by the men for boys. In 1923 a hostel for girls called 'New June', similar in concept to the Toc H mark, was opened on Tower Hill. Later a 'Second June' materialised. Both ran a successful course, but no further hostels appeared, perhaps for financial reasons. The first constitution of LWH (1925) pledged loyalty and support to Toc H, accepted its authority and stated a commitment to the furthering of its aims. 40 members attended its first Council. Tubby, its only male member, was an ex-officio councillor, and made a prophetic statement:

'I am sure that whatever developments take place, you are going to affect the whole history of the work we have undertaken, and that the gathering strength of LWH enlarges the whole horizon of the movement.'

During the next few years the LWH continued to grow and develop, adopting an administrative structure similar to

Continued overleaf

*The hostels which were to be the first practical expressions of Toc H.

Continued from previous page

that of Toc H, with concomitant areas and districts. Among the many able and dedicated leaders, special tribute must be paid to Mac, who became the first Administrator, and was later given the title of 'founder pilot'. Living on Tower Hill (for many years the centre of Toc H) and a close friend of Tubby, she had his constant support.

'being able to function only where a Toc H group already existed must have been frustrating at times'

By 1925 LWH had a membership of over 1,000 with 39 branches and groups in Britain, and centres in Canada and Australia. A quarterly news sheet developed into a monthly magazine, *The Log*, which continued for the next 45 years. The Birthday Scheme, started by Beatrice and Rosalind Elms as a source of income, expanded through the years, and is now a valuable asset to Toc H. In 1926 HRH The then Duchess of York consented to become Patron, an honour which meant much to LWH. Today as Queen Mother she is Patron, with the Queen, of the integrated movement.

The Joint Advisory Committee of Toc H and LWH met for the first time in 1927, when the Annual Report of Toc H describes LWH as 'a separate body with its own constitution and government. . . primarily, as its name suggests, an auxiliary of Toc H, working only in places where a Toc H branch or group is already established, helping in the domestic side of Toc H houses etc. But it also complements, by work among women and girls, the service of Toc H among men and boys'. This situation was generally acceptable to members of LWH, though being able to function only where a Toc H group existed must have been frustrating at times!

At this stage Tubby wrote a leaflet entitled *The Whole Family*, as an explanation of LWH. Beginning with the statement: 'LWH is in my view essential to Toc H in all its development', he ends with his own view that 'to build Toc H solely as a society for men would be to put the clock back hopelessly'. Perhaps Tubby saw further into the future than some of his contemporaries.



The window of Saint Clare, given by the League of Women Helpers in 1928. The window is in the St Clare Oratory in All Hallows, which is where the Lamp of the Magnificat is kept.



Crutched Friar's House, for many years the headquarters of the Women's Association.

LWH had always observed the Ceremony of Light, but could use the Toc H lamp only if a Toc H member was present. Special interest was given to the design of a women's lamp by Mac in consultation with Tubby. The result was the Lamp of the Magnificat. A replica in bronze of the early Christian lamp (on which the men's Lamp of Maintenance had been modelled) it bears the sacred monogram, the *Chai Ro* (the first two letters of the name of Christ in Greek), rising from a ram's head - a double sign of sacrifice, without which there can be no true service. The dove, poised for flight, signifies the Holy Spirit, love in action, as well as being a symbol of peace. The inscription, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord', expresses willingness to serve, in the words of the mother of Christ.

In 1928, at the first LWH lamplighting ceremony, the Duchess of York - supported by Tubby and Mac - lit 22 lamps from the Prince's lamp.

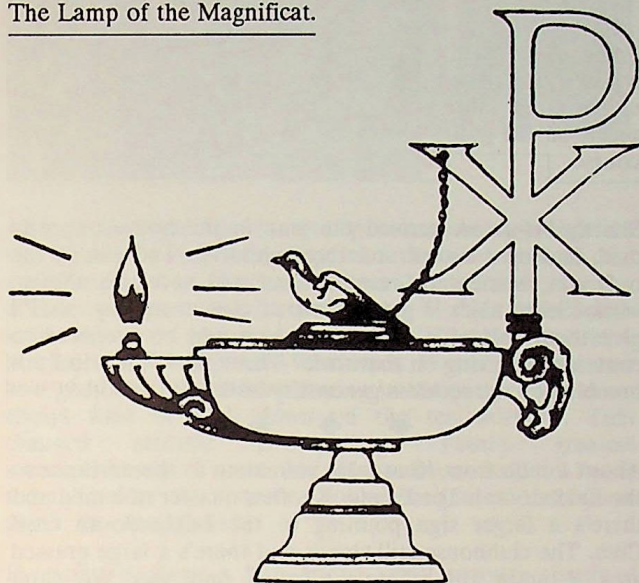
'there seems to have been some fear that LWH was growing too big too fast'

By 1929, membership had increased to 4,000, and overseas development now included Australia, South Africa, Canada and Buenos Aires. During this year there was serious discussion about the relationship between Toc H and LWH. There seems to have been some fear that LWH was growing too big too fast. One result of this concern was a whole day of intercession for Toc H held by LWH at All Hallows, the origin of the Michaelmas Day of Prayer which became an annual event for the women and which continues today in principle, though in a different form. Discussions in both Councils resulted in Toc H accepting a resolution passed by LWH, laying down restrictions on admission to membership and on joint branch and group meetings.

LWH had voluntarily put a check on its own growth. It was also hampered by lack of money, members' subscriptions with gifts from friends and money-raising efforts being its sole source of income. Initially there had been no paid staff and by 1930, although the salaries offered were far below that which was merited, LWH could still afford only eight salaried staff in the British Isles and two overseas. Much of the work at headquarters and in the areas had to be done by volunteers and local leaders. Because of this, much stress was laid on membership training and a wide variety of literature was produced for this purpose. As a result of all these factors, membership of LWH was seen as a privilege not easily won, and highly valued.

Relationships at branch level between Toc H and LWH varied but at the centre and in the field much help and support was given by staff to leaders in LWH. Corporate social service continued to develop and there were some joint local conferences. National celebrations remained separate, and in 1934 the fifth LWH Festival achieved the status of being held in the Albert Hall. With the onset of the war in 1939 depletions in numbers and special need for voluntary service encouraged cooperation and mutual support at all levels. Among the many and varied contributions made by LWH, those chiefly remembered

The Lamp of the Magnificat.



are the Services clubs and canteens. In 1943 LWH became Toc H (Women's Section), and there was now an exchange of representatives between the two executive committees. Joint area and district consultative committees were functioning by 1950.

'women were first helpers, then a part of, now partners'

During the first post-war years, there was a great urge to re-build, in all senses, and this was a period of enthusiasm and much activity. But accommodating the differing attitudes of the 'pre-war and post-war generations' was difficult, and in particular there was a new perception of the role of women in society. By 1948 the Women's Section had become Toc H Women's Association. First helpers, then a part of, now partners - the changes of name were significant. It was gradually recognised that Toc H could best fulfil its aims by uniting the two into one, and finally in 1971 the two Central Councils, meeting together, accepted integration.

It may seem that eventual progress towards integration had been rather slow. As with most developments in Toc H it was a natural response to the changing needs of the society it has always existed to serve. The separate women's movement played its part in the building of Toc H into what it is today; now it is difficult to imagine a viable Toc H without women and men in equal membership.

■ *Constance Beazley joined the Women's Association in 1948 and is now Area Pilot for the South West Region.*

Money Matters People Count

Ted Tunnadine

An important weekend conference was hosted by the Honorary Treasurer at the Toc H Derbyshire centre at Alison House in February. Those attending included regional chairmen and treasurers from all eight regions of the movement. All aspects of our finances were reviewed and a good degree of agreement was reached on such knotty problems as the movement's deficit and the improving of understanding at local level of national finances.

Discussion was wide-ranging and the following highlights merit special attention:

1. It was felt that all resolutions to Central Council must be properly costed in advance to ensure that Council fully appreciate the financial implications of policy decisions.
2. Charity Shops were deemed a first class way of spreading Toc H. Kempston, our first permanent one, was applauded for successfully doing

this as well as recording a profit of over £1000 in its first two months.

3. A better understanding of the financial picture would be gained if statistical information accompanied the accounts. The use of graphics and variance analysis would ensure that value for money could be seen to be achieved by members everywhere.

4. The annual financial return will be redesigned by a working party in a bold and clear format and *all* parts of Toc H can be included to provide a realistic view of our movement's financial and social impact. A handbook for treasurers will be compiled to ensure ease and conformity.

5. Loans to our central fund to reduce our bank charges should be encouraged from local funds temporarily not required for use. Competitive rates of interest must be agreed together with prompt availability of access. Special rates

could be given to those who donate the interest to Family Purse.

6. Some method of sharing the annual financial forecast with regional officers would help to improve trust and understanding, particularly of the need for, and content of, the deficit requirement.

The conference agreed to make these and other recommendations to the CEC via the Finance & Properties sub-Committee. A report would subsequently be given to regions.

Alan Le Pere (Properties Officer) gave a comprehensive report on our 68 properties and Peter Mackay (Finance Administrator) introduced comment on our national accounts for the current year.

Much open and constructive comment at Alison House suggested that a further such high level conference might be held in due course. It was considered important that all areas of the movement communicate effectively with each other to promote the fact that Toc H is a single movement.

■ *Ted Tunnadine is the Honorary Treasurer of Toc H.*

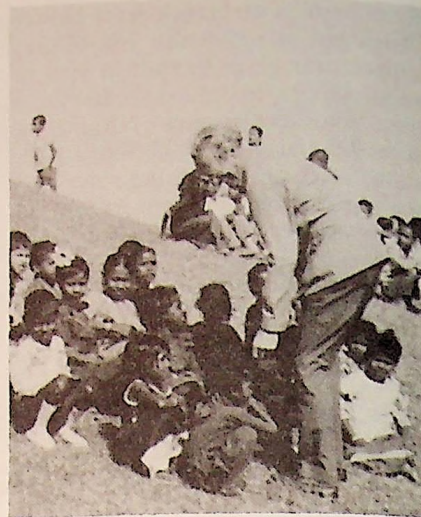
BANGLADESH NOTEBOOK

In January Peter East returned to Bangladesh to spend six weeks with the project which he initiated in Khasdobir. Ken and Barbara Prideaux-Brune spent the last 10 days of that time with him. Here Ken presents some glimpses of Bangladesh and of the Toc H-supported project there.

How can one hope to convey an impression of such a completely different world? Perhaps it would help if I start by saying a little about just one of the 35,000 people who live in the cluster of villages that make up Khasdobir. Selim is aged about 25. He's short and very slim. He can't seem to sit still for long and moves rapidly, with long springy strides. When Peter lived in Khasdobir Selim used to do his shopping and much of his cooking. When Peter arrived back in Khasdobir this time, therefore, he gave Selim a little money. At first he was reluctant to accept, but then he said: 'We've always wanted to have a toilet but we couldn't afford it. Now we can.' And there is the toilet, outside his house, with a bamboo screen round it. His house is just one room, with mud walls and a tin roof. In it live Selim's brother, Mannik, and his wife and two children (a third is on the way); Selim himself; and a destitute widow to whom they have offered shelter. Mannik runs the project's sewing workshop. Selim works for a travel agent. They each earn about £10 a month.

There's a little stream beside the house. Now it's just a trickle of water (and sewage) at the bottom of an eight feet deep gully, but in last year's monsoon floods it became a fast-flowing river. One day on his way home from work Selim had to swim the last 100 yards or so - and it took him three attempts to reach the house because of the force of the current. There was water in the house to a depth of three feet, and the other members of the household were huddled together on one of the beds. The lean-to kitchen on the side of the house had been swept away. Even now, several months later, they have not been able to find the money to finish rebuilding it. There are gaping holes in the wall where a door and a window will be. Cooking is done squatting on the ground over a wood fire.

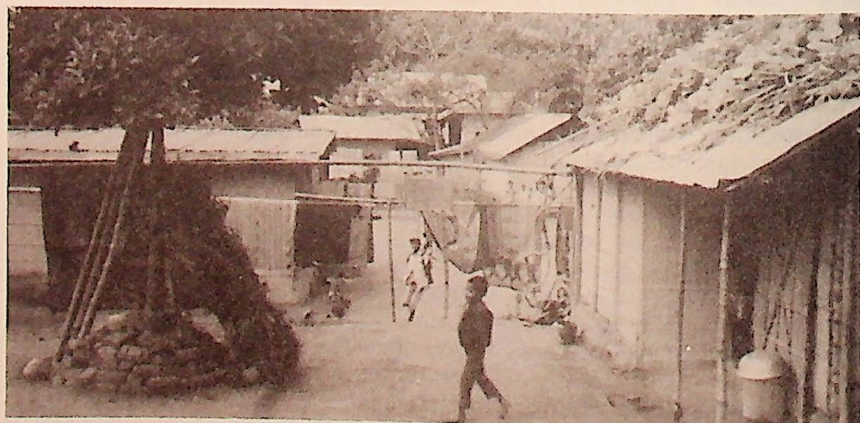
Peter East with some of the children at the picnic on the golf course.



Shortly before we arrived the man in the house opposite died, leaving a widow and three children. The eldest, the only son, is mentally retarded and will never be able to work. Selim said: 'I get a bowl of rice every day, so I'll give them half of it'. Which of us would be prepared to contemplate giving on that scale? Throughout the trip I felt humbled by the reckless generosity of the very poor.

About a mile from Khasdobir you come to the entrance to the Lakhatoorah Tea Estate. Another quarter of a mile and there's a larger sign pointing to the Lakhatoorah Golf Club. The clubhouse still stands and there's a large grassed area of lumpy hills where the course once was. We stand on one of those hills and watch as columns of children come towards us from different directions, each group headed by a large, green banner. They are the pupils from the six 'Schools under the Sky' run by the Khasdobir Youth Action Group - over 800 of them, coming together for a picnic. Two of the schools are on tea estates; the others are for children of rickshaw drivers, handcart pullers and day labourers. Each year about 300 children go on to the government primary school; children who would have had no chance of an education but for KYAG.

And they're wonderful children - smiling, self-confident, pushing forward to clutch our hands. I remember a woman who visited the project last August, five months after Peter East retired, saying to me that she knew precisely where Peter had been by the attitude of the children. He and his white friends are the only people who play with them. You never see parents playing with their children; you never see children playing with each other. The struggle for survival is too serious for that.



Left: homes of rickshaw drivers. Above: houses built by KYAG, with a tube well to provide unpolluted water.



Assembling for the picnic at the golf club.

Also at the picnic are the young women being trained in the KYAG sewing workshop, and the women from the adult literacy class on the Lakhatoorah Tea Estate. The tea workers are the descendants of people brought from South India 100 years ago, and are mostly Hindus, living in a Muslim country. KYAG's chairman, Harun Ahmed, says how good it is that they're sharing in the party 'because we always used to look down on the tea workers'. That changed attitude is perhaps Peter's greatest accomplishment. I remember that someone said to Peter, shortly before he retired: 'You've taught us that there aren't any foreigners.'

Everyone is given a bun and a small savoury rissole. I notice that all the women, and many of the children, wrap the food carefully to take home to their families.



Learning to write at one of the Schools under the Sky.

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[illegible]

This shows the neatness of the handwriting of a woman who couldn't read or write six months ago.

A few statistics. Total population of Bangladesh (1986 figures): 103.2 million. Number of people under the age of 16: 48.6 million. Percentage of adults who can read and write: 29.2. Number of radios per 1000 people: 8.

We stumble up a sandy path in the darkness, trying not to fall into the gulleys gouged out by last year's monsoon rains. In the yard outside a house 20 women squat on the ground. They range in age from 20 to 50+; some are carrying small babies. They are coming to the end of a six month literacy course. After working all day on the tea estate and cooking a meal for their families, they come together for an hour, six days a week. We are astonished by the neatness of the handwriting of these women who couldn't write at all six months ago. And we are impressed



Making uniforms for the primary school in the sewing workshop.

by the innate skills of Koyes, the young man who teaches them. He squats on the ground with them, making sure everyone is involved, asking a question here, giving a little smile of encouragement there.

The basic adult literacy course is ending but the group will stay together. They have started a savings group, putting aside a penny or two each week to build up a cushion against emergencies. They are beginning to talk about ways in which, together, they can earn a little extra. One senses that the group will gradually become an instrument for change: by working together the powerless can begin to become empowered.

Sitting in the little KYAG office I hear sounds of laughter from the sewing work shop next door. Barbara has made firm friends with the young women, despite the lack of a common language. The first group of women trained in the workshop are now making clothes at home for sale locally. The new trainees are all aged about 20 and are mostly the daughters of widows. They are friendly and outgoing, remarkably so in a culture where women, at least in the presence of men, are mostly shy and submissive. Giving people a sense of their own worth is an important, perhaps the most important, aspect of the project.

A small boy aged about seven or eight walks past the office, carrying a bundle of sticks. He collected them on the tea estate where he lives and is taking them the four miles into town, where he'll hope to sell them for a few pence. Like all the children here he calls out: 'Hello *bhai*. Good morning *bhai*' (*bhai* means brother).

An Indian Summer

Ceris Williams spent a summer working in Calcutta. It was an experience which made a great impact on her, as Louisa Evans reports.

'Nobody made a greater mistake than he who did nothing because he could only do a little'

Edmund Burke

Many of us have looked at harrowing media pictures of third world poverty - the emaciated woman holding her dying child in Ethiopia; the beggar sitting in terrible squalor in India - and have thought 'this is terrible, I must do something'. Perhaps we give money to one of the relief agencies or sponsor a child. Or do we just sit back and think we can do nothing? Few, I suspect, would go so far as to leave a secure job to help directly.

A local member drew the attention of the Taffy and Rene Evans Toc H Trust to a young woman from Caerphilly who had decided she wished to help. She had been so moved by Michael Buerk's reports from Ethiopia that she had applied to go out as a volunteer helper. Turned down by several agencies because she wasn't a nurse, Ceris refused to give in. She was finally accepted by the Sisters of Mercy (or Charity) in Calcutta, who wear the white habits with blue borders made famous by Mother Teresa. The Caerphilly teacher was almost ready for her trip to India, yet she almost never left Wales. On her visa application she had truthfully stated that she was visiting India as a volunteer helper and because of this her application was turned down. She reapplied as a tourist and was accepted. It seems that tourists are acceptable to many governments whereas volunteer helpers are not.

The long flight took Ceris from London on a typically wet early summer's day to the heat and noise of Calcutta. Like so many cities it has two faces - its acceptable face, where tourism and commerce are king and large hotels and five star luxuries reign supreme. And its face of poverty. Our 'tourist' in Calcutta did not have many luxuries. Home for



Three of the boys from the boys' home in Howrah. The one in the middle was physically handicapped and needed everything done for him.

the next few months was not an air-conditioned hotel but a small room shared with three Irish nurses in the Salvation Army Hostel. The room did have luxuries: electric light and a ceiling fan which worked intermittently; access to a tap and shower that provided cold water for four hours a day. Most of us would find such conditions unacceptable. Yet just outside the door of the hostel lived a family with five children. Their shelter was a few blankets; their kitchen the pavement; their bathroom a water tap further down the street, where the mother would also get water for cooking and do the washing. Like many families, they lived their life as a street family with no home nor hope of a home.

Bob Geldorf described Mother Teresa as 'the living embodiment of moral good'. In one area of Calcutta the sisters of her Order run several projects, each of which is totally dependent on voluntary contributions for survival - 'trust in God' is their motto. Ceris visited each one before deciding that she would like to concentrate on working at two specific projects. The first was an orphanage, a special orphanage - each day the doors of the compound were opened and children who lived on the street entered. The children were always there waiting for the doors to open. They knew that within the compound there would be food and a chance to wash themselves and their clothing. At the end of the day the compound doors were closed and those not resident at the orphanage returned to the streets.

But most of her time was spent at the 'Home for the Dying and Destitute', a building composed of hall-like rooms, each containing rows of ordered wooden beds. The

Continued from previous page

We visit a widow who receives a little money each week from KYAG. She's been given space in the house of a very poor family but they can't afford to feed her as well. Just a pound a week is the difference between life and death. She has a face full of character and intelligence and a deep, throaty chuckle. She can't move from her bed but it's clear that very little happens in the village without her knowing about it. It's moving to see Harun, our chairman, listening to her with loving attention.

Harun is a remarkable man. He's the kind of 'lord of the manor' of Khasdobir. His word is law throughout the village. Yet he is in many ways a very humble man. And deeply caring. It was the partnership between Harun and Peter which created the project. It's Harun's hard work and compassion which maintains it.

Harun keeps saying to me: 'We are very poor people. We can't give you anything in return for all you are doing for us. We can only pray for you.' I try to assure him that we value his prayers, and that Toc H members regard it as a privilege to be allowed, in our small way, to assist in what he and KYAG are doing. But he'll never know how much the people of Khasdobir have given to me. Selim, and so many other desperately poor people, who are giving so sacrificially of the little they have, are an inspiration. And then there are the children, with their clutching hands, their smiling eyes and their cheerful shouts of 'Hello *bhai*. Good morning *bhai*'. The joy they give can never be quantified. I know I shall never forget them.

■ Ken Prideaux-Brune is the International Officer at Toc H Headquarters. Contributions towards the work of the Khasdobir Youth Action Group may be sent to him. Cheques should be made payable to 'Toc H Peter East Fund'.



Meals were very happy occasions. Here the boys are eating rice, dhal (lentils) and vegetables.

patients had many of the diseases of poverty - dysentery, cholera and TB were common and a number of them bore the scars of earlier attacks of polio, malaria and measles. Others had 'man-made' injuries. One had a huge chunk taken out of his leg by a rickshaw. Another had had paraffin poured over him by his creditors and had been set alight - his burns were horrific. At first Ceris spent time in the kitchen, which was incredibly simple compared to our hospital kitchens. In a small room with two large cauldrons, a table and a sink, all the food preparation, cooking and washing were done. In fact there was minimal washing up, since each meal was served from a simple bowl and a spoon was the only utensil. Later, Ceris was able to become more involved with nursing, assisting with the dispensing of medicines, washing patients and putting on simple dressings. Several patients in the Home spoke English. Some had worked for British families in the last days of the Empire; others had had a good education. All, however, would probably have died without the care offered by the sisters. Many did die, the sisters providing the chance for them to do so in loving and caring surroundings, instead of alone and unloved on the streets.

The two Irish nurses Ceris lived with spent time working with Dr Jack Preger, the Welsh doctor who has run an unauthorised street clinic since 1981, and who has been imprisoned several times. People wait for several hours to see 'Dr Jack', who for most is their only hope of professional medical care. In the queue one day was a young woman with two young children. Three of her children had died in the past month; for the child in her arms the three hour wait was too long - he died waiting. The other child was also desperately ill. Ceris and one of the nurses took her and the mother to a home where they

were fed and cared for. But for the child, a girl, it was again too late and she died two days later. The mother, who had now lost five children, went home. Others were luckier - several were returning for medicines to continue treatments for elephantiasis and road accidents.

Dr Jack's clinic is in grave danger. He is constantly refused a work permit and is currently breaking the immigration laws by working as an illegal alien. The problem both he and Mother Teresa face (although Mother Teresa is so well-known it is now less of a problem) is an acute objection on the part of the West Bengal Government to most internationally financed or run voluntary/charity work. Hence Ceris' problem with her visa.

It has been difficult selecting just a few events from Ceris' months in Calcutta. She admits that her attitudes have profoundly changed as a result of her time in India. During her stay she was able to meet Mother Teresa. It seems fitting to end with the words Mother Teresa said to Bob Geldorf during their meeting in 1985: 'Remember this. I can do something you can't do and you can do something I can't do. But we both have to do it.' We may not be able to leave our homes to work in the Third World, but all of us can do something to help those less fortunate than ourselves in our own communities or abroad.

■ *Louisa Evans is a Toc H Development Officer based in South Wales.*

■ *Ceris Williams was originally trained as a teacher. Since returning from India she has become a student nurse.*



▲ Dr Jack at work in a street clinic in Calcutta. He has had several confrontations with the authorities for running the clinic.

Some of the patients with Ceris Williams. Each day people walk considerable distances to be seen by Dr Jack. ►



THE ASH TREE

by R G H Cook

In Teutonic mythology the Universe was thought to be a gigantic ash tree called *Yggdrasil*.

At the top of the tree, among the clouds, was a region called *Asgard*, the abode of the gods. They had lofty ideals and causes of undoubted merit which they handed down to the lower worlds, and for this reason considered themselves to be the most important part of the tree. However, some of these ideals tended to be impractical, very expensive, and to result in increasing debt.

Halfway down the tree was a region called *Midgard*, the abode of mankind who appeared as if from nowhere, performed great works, and then disappeared without trace. Their works likewise tended to be expensive. They also thought that they were the most important part of the tree as they were the ones who actively *did* things.

At the bottom of the tree, underground and near the roots in a region called *Niflheim*, lived an ageing race of dwarves known as the *Nibelungs*, who mined for gold. They were required to be quiet, do as they were told, and supply gold to the upper regions. Not all *Nibelungs* were happy with this state of things; they also considered themselves to be the most important part of the tree since, they argued, the tree certainly would not survive without its roots. Some were of the opinion that the tree had become overgrown and top-heavy and would benefit from careful pruning and lopping. Others thought that they ought to be able to keep more of the gold they mined for their own local down-to-earth activities which they considered would bring more fame to the ash tree than the more ambitious and exciting, but less well-known works of the region above; they were dismayed to overhear a conversation of the gods in which it was suggested that the *Nibelungs* mine increasing amounts of gold and send it *all* to them.

Others of a more philosophic turn of mind, believed that if the tree became unbalanced and fell, then a new, slimmer and fitter tree would rise from its roots.

What do you think?

your letters

See P Editorial Office
38 Mansfield Street
London
E1 2AA

We reserve the right to edit letters.
Only letters with full name and address
will be considered for publication.

Things Eternal?

I do not mind in the least having my views challenged, especially within Toc H, for 'agreeing to disagree' has always been one of our strengths. Nevertheless, as Harry Brier and I have known each other pretty well for many years, I must confess to feeling somewhat sad and sorry that he categorises me (Your Letters, *Point 3* February 1989) as one of those who 'have never paused to look outwards, or indeed consider any opinions other than their own.'

May I make it clear that I neither thrust nor even offered my opinion, but was invited by the Editor to write an article not, as Harry says, on the Ceremony of Light, but on the significance and value, as I see them, of the familiar ceremonies and symbols used in Toc H, and I endeavoured to do just that. I have carefully re-read the article (*Point 3*, October 1988), as I would advise Harry to do, and I am satisfied that there is nothing whatever in it to justify either the above accusation or his grossly unfair statement that I queried whether those who do not share my feelings should be in Toc H. I said no such thing. If I harboured such an outrageous thought, or made such a statement, then I could have learned nothing from my many years of membership. That is not so. Harry, later in his letter, makes my point exactly when he quotes Herbert Leggate who wrote long ago 'Because it (Toc H) seeks to be a Christian fellowship, there will be some who feel it is not for them.' This is precisely what I said. I fear that Harry is shadow-boxing, fighting opponents who are not there and attacking things that were not said. He appears to criticise Don Lockhart for feeling that insufficient attention is paid to the place of prayer in the life of Toc H. I am sure Don seeks 'The Still Centre' - the title of a book published in 1961 about the Bordon Company, which was formed to share a concern for spiritual values in Toc H, and through prayer to find personal peace in the clamour of life today.

Harry refers to 'continuing

complaints' regarding the loss of the 'spiritual content' of Toc H, but none of the complaints he lists were part of my original article. However, if they are continuing, should he not consider that there might be some foundation to them?

That article was, yes, a 'personal interpretation', which is what I had been asked to provide, but Harry's criticism that it is 'regardless of other points of view' is inappropriate and unjust. In point of fact, judging by various messages I have received since then, there are many members who share my views. I stand by every word I wrote and, despite Harry's unfortunate misreading of and curious reaction to my article, I hope he and I can still, in Toc H terms, live together in love and joy and peace.

Betty Cornick
Weymouth

I agree with both the articles in the October issue - if that is possible!

When I came into Toc H two years ago to work as an LTV, I often found it very frustrating trying to understand where Toc H stood with regard to Christianity. I felt it was like trying to grasp hold of running water. But through my involvement with Toc H I was able to adapt my lifestyle to what could best be described as an attempt to live a Christian way of life - far from perfect but with the best of motives. My faith in prayer was also restored.

There is a misconception that young people coming into the movement through projects etc. are trying to disband traditions such as the Ceremony of Light, the Lamp and prayer. In my opinion this is simply not true. While working with, and talking to, young people, I have found that many of them are in fact seeking the 'Toc H experience'. Often those groups seen as the most difficult to work and communicate with - ethnic minority groups; ex-offenders; young people from broken homes, children's homes or no homes at all - are the very people who fully understand and are interested in the value of fellowship and the 'experience'.

I never try to hide the fact that Toc H is a Christian movement, as I firmly believe it is, and I feel angry that some members try to hide this fact. I feel also that what Toc H offers should be made available to *everyone* - not only the white middle class. But I don't ever feel the need to go around preaching 'the word' - I let people know that there is a spiritual side to

Toc H, that it is there if they wish to explore it, but that this must always be the individual's own choice.

I thank God that our traditional members continue to speak out to save traditions which are an essential part of Toc H and I pray that they will accept change and have faith and trust in a new generation - as they were themselves at one time. Young people can then continue the work of the movement and offer opportunities to people who have never heard of it (I was once such a person) - people who are missing out on the Toc H experience.

We have an excellent product - let's promote it!

Tom McNamce
Birmingham

Changing the Policy

The members of Felpham Branch are becoming increasingly worried by many aspects of Toc H policy. Despite falling numbers, the spirit of Toc H is very much alive within our branch; despondency only sets in when we discuss the wider movement.

We recently mounted a publicity campaign to try to reverse the trend of falling membership. Unfortunately this met with little obvious success and in the inquest that followed, we felt we were not supported by the image of Toc H that is portrayed by our parent body. This is of an organisation that has a worthy past, is somehow tied in with the Church, and is now of little relevance. *Point 3* draws an equally uninspiring picture. There is endless correspondence as to whether we are a Christian body, whether we should change our ceremonies or our Charter, and the picture presented is of an organisation living extravagantly beyond its means, with no clear idea as to how to halt its eventual slide into oblivion. We as a branch are very anxious to see that this does not happen. We are totally committed to the belief that the words of the Main Resolution and the Four Points of the Compass express a philosophy very relevant in today's world. If only we could find a way of putting this across! We are also very keen to see that the fellowship built up over long years is not dissipated.

We believe the service which branches give to their local communities reveals the true spirit of Toc H, but nationally, under the project umbrella, the movement merely vies with many other

organisations doing social service work and from this there is little or no comeback in the shape of new members. Comparatively small branches serving the local community and contributing to the family purse seems to us a more worthwhile blueprint for the future. This would only be viable if there were full support from the movement as a whole; something that is totally lacking at present as far as this area is concerned.

Finally we are very concerned about the financial position and policy of the movement and would like to be reassured that either our reading of the situation is wrong or that something is being done about it. We wonder if we are overstaffed, and if the amount of something over £600,000 spent on staff can be justified for a membership standing at only just over 6,000 - could not some of the work covered in this way be done on a voluntary basis? Similarly, what steps are being taken to halt and then reverse the large deficit in our accounts - a deficit which the Hon. Treasurer has acknowledged cannot be sustained? In the light of falling membership this seems particularly important and it seems to us that the noticeable trend of making membership the prime target is the most hopeful trend in recent years, and should continue.

John Stamp
Chairman, Felpham Branch

Other Faiths

You are at it again! Whilst reading my *Point 3* last night and noting your persistent urging that we study other faiths, beliefs and customs, I was reminded of Jesus' words: 'Believe on me', so often repeated in the Gospels. I, along with many others, have found this all that is necessary as a first step into full and joyful faith. This is all that is required of any of us. Toc H has never needed to look into any other faith to carry on with the job of spreading the good news of Christ's Kingdom. Jesus also said: 'No man can come to the Father but by me'. If belief is the key, why all the digging and delving? Most of the people I know live and work quite happily next to Muslims, Hindus, Jews etc, and can see no advantage in learning about their beliefs or customs - these are their own business.

Our joy and our freedom are the result of Jesus' teaching and his redeeming sacrifice and this is what our journal should be showing forth. Jesus lives in all believers - please let him use our magazine to proclaim this wonderful message. Then, as before, he will send young and old to join us in extending his kingdom of love. You are a very good journalist and we all appreciate your work - however, many a good journalist has stubbed their toe against the rock that is the cornerstone.

Jim Curran
Ilford



This cartoon was spotted by Jack Twiss, the secretary of Cromer Branch, in an edition of the '*Eastern Daily Press*' (we reproduce it here with the paper's kind permission). He writes: 'The history of the Toc H Stockmen's Lounge at the Royal Norfolk Show goes back many years. At first it was just a tent where stockmen could go for refreshment during the night-long vigil they kept with their livestock for the duration of the show. It quickly became a highly regarded institution amongst the Norfolk "swedes" or "dumplings"!'

round

Hoddsdon Branch owns a small property which opens out onto the town's high street. The upstairs rooms are used for branch meetings but the downstairs rooms have been put to a very different use: they have been made into a shop which is let out to other local charities. 'One of our favourite users is the team of people who, despite severe learning disabilities, provide tea, coffee and a sit-down every Friday for senior citizens,' writes John Harding. 'We thought this an ideal combination and so suitable for Toc H that encouragement was in order. We therefore bought the team a metal sign, made to their own specifications.'



Photo: John Harding

Members of 'the team' proudly display their new sign.

points

For the last 16 years the **Hythe Toc H** minibus has been made available to numerous organisations within the local community. Now the branch has decided to launch an appeal to raise the £25,000 needed to buy a new vehicle. In April a charity fair was held in the Hythe Town Hall, whilst a flag day is being organised for June and a car boot sale will take place in July. 'We hope to involve as many local people and businessmen as possible,' said chairman Arthur Rust.

Stockport Branch recently held a coffee morning and raised £187. The money is to be used to refurbish the Stockport Children's Camp, now in its 64th year.

In January, 12 physically disabled children enjoyed a week in Beaumaris, North Wales, courtesy of the **Bangor Brown Bread Branch**. 'We took them up Snowdon on the train, to the Llechwedd Slate Caverns and on a boat down the Menai Strait,' said Sara Huws, one of the branch members. 'It showed them that they can do the things other children can

do.' Now the branch is busy raising enough money to enable other groups, containing both physically and mentally handicapped youngsters, to go away during the summer. A target of £4,000 has been set which will hopefully finance four weeks of holidays.

Ex-residents of Tubby Clayton's former vicarage at 42 Trinity Square held a reunion last November at the Athenaeum Club in London. The event was attended by 15 altogether some of whom had travelled from overseas, to be reunited again after 35 years.

book review

Passion and Penitence

Transformed by Love
Margaret Magdalen CSMV
Darton, Longman & Todd £3.95

The author of *Transformed by Love* is a member of the community of St Mary the Virgin. Although an Anglican, she trained as a Baptist missionary and spent many years working in Africa. The religious name of Magdalen which was given to her when she received the habit drew her to the subject of Mary Magdalen. Despite the views of biblical scholars who believe that Mary of Magdela, Mary of Bethany and the sinful woman (the prostitute) in Luke 10 are three different people, through intense

study and intuition the author has become convinced that they are in fact one and the same woman. This very compelling book traces and comments on every mention of her in the New Testament.

It describes the power of her passion, her fervour and her penitence. She came to Jesus weeping - she fell at his feet with kisses and anointed his feet with precious ointment. The watching crowds were amazed at her audacity but she was quite unaware of her extravagant behaviour! Today, we are often scared by our emotions. We stifle them lest they get out of control.

The author believes that Mary Magdalen has much to teach us. We must learn to be humble and to rejoice in what has been given us rather than grieve about what has not: we can learn so much from the poor and the weak. We should not be too proud to admit to our sins when we have erred

and gone astray, for if we humble ourselves and ask for forgiveness, we are purged and renewed in spirit. But if we are burdened by guilt our spiritual growth is stunted and we are on the path of self-destruction.

A chapter entitled 'Losing by Finding' looks at Mary Magdalen grieving: 'and the women also which came from Galilee followed after and beheld the sepulchre and how his body was laid'. In the face of suffering many women feel the need to act: 'and they prepared spices and ointments'. Grieving, the author says, is a merciful part of having loved and lost. We are like pilgrims on a journey and it is in the darkness of our lives that most of our spiritual growth takes place. Sometimes there is much pain and to continue on this way takes much courage. It may be that, as Jesus appeared in the guise of the gardener in Gethsemane, so he appears to us in the cloak of a stranger in our despair

update

new members

The following new members were registered during February/March:

Miss Veronica Dempsey,
Keith Morton-MacPhail (Bangor
Brown Bread Action J)
William Harper, George Smith
(Broughton Astley M)
David Ruddy, Miss Lesley M Voss
(Central branch)
Mrs Kathleen Webb, Miss Kathleen
Hartley (Greenbank W)
Mrs Sylvia Easton, Thomas C
Hopwood (Guisborough J)
Mrs Dorothy A Hankinson
(Leominster J)
Mrs Jean Gill (Mansfield
Woodhouse J)
Stephen Holmes (Newbottle J)
Reginald Tatterton (Oatlands J)
Kenneth & Mrs Edna M Pearce, Miss
Elizabeth Pollard (Southport J)
David G M Thomas (Winsford J)

Welcome to 18 new members

welcome

to **Thomas Hill Long**, who recently started work as compositor at HQ.

and in our hour of darkness; but if we seek Jesus out, as Mary did, so also shall we find him.

The final chapter speaks of the 'power of freedom'. By first of all humbling ourselves and, like Mary Magdalen, becoming truly penitent; by unashamedly pouring out our love to Jesus, our fears of death and the unknown will be overcome by faith. We will then be able to step from our hour of darkness into a spiritual freedom, learning to be self-contained yet at the same time aware and caring for the needs of all around us.

Whether we agree with Sister Margaret or not, this little gem of a book is a lesson in love and gives much food for thought.

Hazel Scarlett

■ *Hazel Scarlett is the Receptionist at Toc H Headquarters, Wendover.*

farewell

to **Sue Biggerstaff** who has resigned as Editorial Assistant of *Point 3* and has accepted a job with Kent Social Services Department, working at a small home for people with a mental handicap. We are sad to lose her contribution to the magazine, both as a writer and behind the scenes, but we wish her well in her new career.

and to **Sandra Tuck** who left the project development team in April.

and to **Catherine Walker**, who finished working as an LTV in the North Eastern Region in March.

and to **Stephen Farr** who left his work with friendship circles in Birmingham in March.

obituaries

We regret to announce the death of the following members:

In September

Dorothy A Royal (Maghull)
William H Simons (North London District)

In November

Florence L Hoare (Wessex District)

In December

Betty Fry, Jean Humphrey (late Tunbridge Wells)

In January

Albert Wilkinson (Morecambe)

In February

Charles A Brown (Melton Mowbray)
Matthew E Bunting (Cromford)
Robert M Crowe (Durdham Down)
Charles G Gimblett (Tavistock)
George A Lewis-Lloyd (North London District)
John E Mollon (Gloucester)
Margaret H Suttie (Coupar Angus)

In March

John Christie (Tayforth District)
Annie E Fletham (Somerton)
Stephen Godfree (Denton)
Edward A Godfrey (Wessex District)
Cissie Kilvert (Netherton)
Vera D Miles (Hunstanton)
John E Prentice (late Tywardreath)

Not previously recorded

Hilda D French, Irene A Martin,
Norah A Vasey (Exeter W)
Adrian J R Wilson (Central)

William (Bill) Ratcliffe had been a member of Bramley Joint Branch for 12 years and, for over 8 years, had been branch treasurer. In addition to running the branch's Shield Domino competition

TOC H PEACE BELL APPEAL

Remember all cheques should be made out to:

Toc H Melton & Charnwood District

and sent to:

**Mrs Freda Coomes,
109 Church Hill Road,
Thurmaston, Leicester
LE4 8DG**

amongst Sheltered Housing complexes in the area, Bill and his wife Cynthia were regular visitors to elderly people living on their own. Bill undertook many jobs for the branch during the week, when other members were at work; he will be remembered for his friendly nature and cheerfulness. JFP

Cambridge Branch was shocked by the sudden passing of **Frank Selby**. A man of immense knowledge Frank was especially keen on literature and music, his greatest love being the organ. Despite being blind from an early age he was a teacher for many years, read book after book and was able to converse on many subjects, his memory of historical events being considerable. He often entertained the branch on the piano, giving full explanations of the lives of many well-known musicians, with a critical and expert comment on their work. We are indeed richer for the lives of people such as Frank; may God bless him on his continuing journey. GH

Albert Wilkinson of Morecambe Branch joined the movement just after the First World War. He held every office in the branch and finally became our pilot, his deep Christian faith guiding us in our work. He served as a church warden and many citizens of Morecambe will remember him with gratitude and love. The testimony to his work was seen when people came from all walks of life to pay their respects at his funeral. We thank God for his servant and his work. SB

We in Hartley Witney Branch have said farewell to one of our branch stalwarts, **Len Hansford**. Len, a life long resident of the village, will be remembered for his active part in the life of the community - especially the Scouts and Toc H, which meant so much to him over many years. Together with his down-to-earth character and sense of humour, Len will be sadly missed. Our love and sympathy go to Avis, Christine, Peter and family. We give thanks for his life. VAC

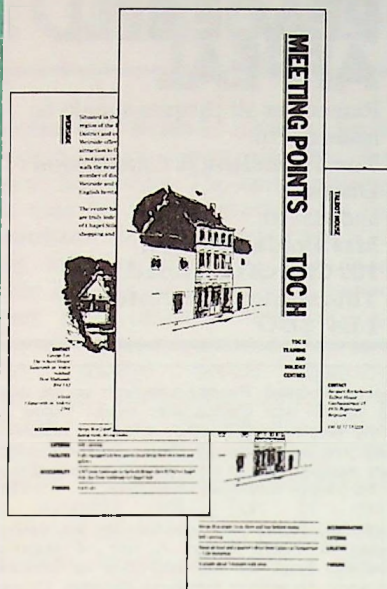
Charlie Gimblett, a long-time member of Toc H, had been chairman of Tavistock Branch for the last 9 years. During his very busy life he radiated fun and friendship wherever he went. In addition to his daily involvement as a partner in a local building construction firm, Charlie gave freely of himself in a variety of voluntary charitable projects. Charlie was a great favourite with young people and his greatest pleasure was gained from the regular visits made by Toc H to a local children's home. The presence of over 500 people at his funeral service was proof of his popularity and the great sadness created by his untimely death. GDD

John Mollon of Gloucester Branch was a quiet man who was always ready to help with whatever service the branch was engaged in doing. He was also a member of a choir for many years, at the church where our own padre Hugh Potts was formerly vicar. It was always his proud joy to take light and repeat a comforting prayer at the end of the meeting. His happy disposition will be sadly missed. DD

Harry Rought was a well loved and respected member of the late Leicester Men's Branch, who was always willing to take his share in the 'family life' of the branch and play his part in Toc H jobs within the city. His main job and interest was organising the Hospital Library at the Leicester Royal Infirmary. This he did with dedication over a number of years, almost to the time he passed on. CD

We give thanks for their lives

Centres Leaflet



This is the latest in our new literature - an attractive concertina style leaflet about the Toc H centres around the country. Printed in red and black, it gives a simple description of each centre, conveying their different styles and aims; and carries basic details about accommodation etc. Copies available from:

**Despatch Department,
Toc H Headquarters
1 Forest Close, Wendover,
Aylesbury, Bucks. HP22 6BT**

Alison House Garden Party

We are celebrating 21 years of
TOC H at Alison House on

8 July 1989
2 - 5 p.m.

Come along. You are welcome!

Further information from:
**Derek Bartrop
Alison House, Intake Lane
Cromford, Derbys. DE4 3RH**



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The Community and Fellowship of
Friends Anonymous Service

Prideaux House is not a hotel, nor a boarding house, nor a hostel. It is the home of a community of people who have found their faith in God very real and relevant.

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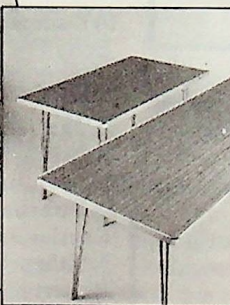
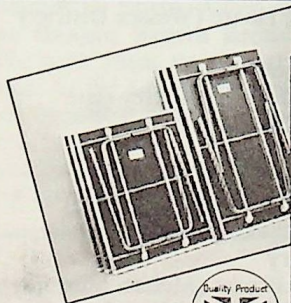
For further information contact:

**The Rev Gualter R de Mello, Prideaux House, Ecumenical Interfaith Centre,
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